Hi! You’re asking who I am and what am I doing here? If you want some details, just read my story. And believe me, she is amazing.

I’m born in the year 2000. Just after the greatest year of the French team in football. Arthur’s brother bought me during the same year. At the beginning we were the best friends all around the world. I help him to play football as played Arthur, very well. I’m going with him in holiday near Avignon or in Bretagne and it was my favorite year. All night, I was tidy in the Garage, protected from the freezing weather or the rain. I was beautiful, with a great blue color. But, one day, Arthur bought a rugby Ball and these day was my last day. Indeed, the night of these crimes was the first night where I slept in the garden, under a tree. The rugby’s Ball was with the brothers, in the house and me… nobody think that a ball can have cold but it’s possible. I just have some paints on my body and it’s not really hot. It was five years ago. Since this date, Nicolas just play with me once or twice a year, it’s not a life for a majestic ball. All the night, I try to found a place in the “placard” but it’s really hard and it’s like a real war again the others ball. I spend a lot of night outside. So I lose my paints, some dogs try to eat me but I’m too big so they hurt me and have pee on me. (Sorry if you take the ball on your hands =)) So as you can see, now, I’m just an old ball, without interests, with a lot of hole. But in 2012, the nice Arthur, my hero, stole me in the garden, hide me for the train and take me to the GSI, the attic. And for me it’s a new life, I’m not a football ball but I’m become a learning ball. I discover this new role with pleasure so if you want to test me, it’s will be a pleasure for me but just one thing: Don’t let me sleep out one more time please or it could be my last night. Thank you.